

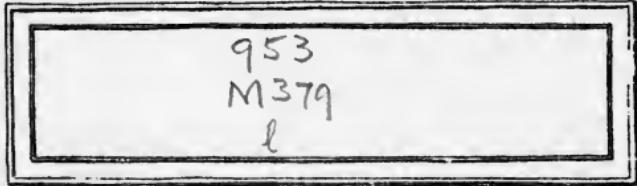
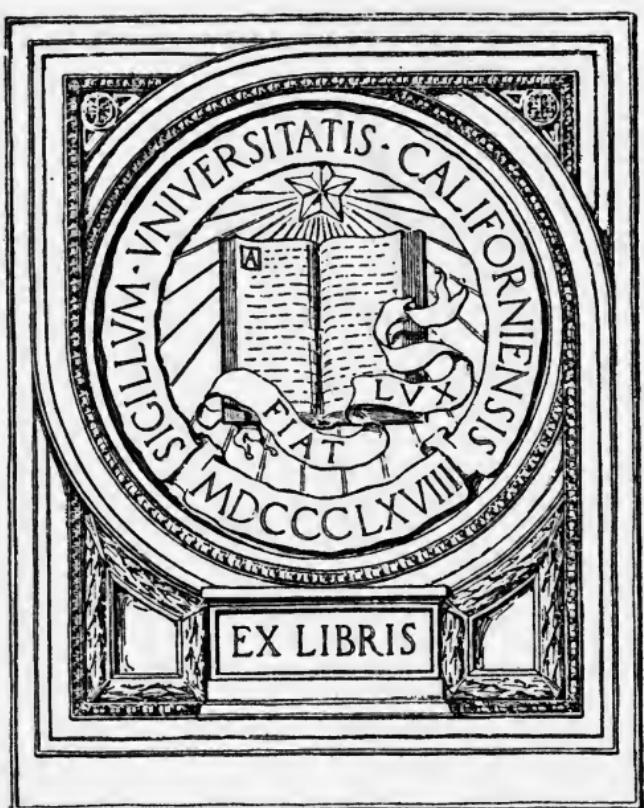
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A LITTLE -
• BROTHER • OF • THE • RICH •
• AND • OTHER • VERSES •





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A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH
AND OTHER VERSES

A LITTLE
BROTHER OF THE RICH

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN



NEW-YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1890

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THE
WORLD
A HISTORY

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

Inscribed
TO
THE EDITOR OF "THE SUN"
WITH THE
SOMEWHAT DISQUIETING CONSCIOUSNESS
THAT HE KNOWS POETRY
WHEN HE SEES IT

CONTENTS.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH	1
PROCUL NEGOTIIS	3
FUIT ILIUM	4
EPITHALAMIUM	6
MEA CULPA	10
AGAIN	14
SNOW-BOUND	16
TO MABEL	18
IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS	21
A SECOND THOUGHT	23
A PRACTICAL QUESTION	25
ET TU, BERGHE!	26
INSOMNIA	27
CIVIL SERVICE	28
ALL OR NOTHING	31

CONTENTS.

A PHILADELPHIA CLAVERHOUSE	33
THROWING STONES	35
TOUCHING BOTTOM	39
HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE	41
LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO	44
A MORTIFYING SUBJECT	47
MIXED	49
AND WAS HE RIGHT?	50
BALLADE OF THE GENERAL TERM	51
INFIRM	53
CRUMBS AND COMFORT	54
ASHORE	55
BARTER	58
BEGGARS' HORSES	60
TO-DAY	62
OF MISTRESS MARTHA: HER EYES	63
THE BEST GIFT OF ALL	65
AUTUMN	67
REMORSE	69
HUMPTY DUMPTY	70
RETIREMENT	71
SELF-SACRIFICE	73
WHAT HE WANTS IN HIS	74

CONTENTS.

BE KIND TO THYSELF	75
LOST LIGHT	76
DATED "FEBRUARY THE 14TH"	78
LOOKING ON	80
REVULSION	81
FOLGER	83
GRANT	84
AD SODALES	85

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH.

To put new shingles on old roofs ;
To give old women wadded skirts ;
To treat premonitory coughs
With seasonable flannel shirts ;
To soothe the stings of poverty
And keep the jackal from the door —
These are the works that occupy
The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
Kind words and chickens, jams and coals ;
Poultices for corporeal woes,
And sympathy for downcast souls ;
Her currant jelly — her quinine,
The lips of fever move to bless.
She makes the humble sick-room shine
With unaccustomed tidiness.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH.

A heart of hers the instant twin
And vivid counterpart is mine ;
I also serve my fellow-men,
Though in a somewhat different line.
The Poor, and their concerns, she has
Monopolized, because of which
It falls to me to labor as
A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice
Does my devoted spirit quail ;
I give their horses exercise ;
As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their Tally Ho's I ride
And brave the chances of a storm ;
I even use my own inside
To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit
Dear to our hearts soon grow to be ;
I love my Rich, and I admit
That they are very good to me.
Succor the Poor, my sisters, I,
While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will strive to share and mollify
The trials of abounding wealth.

PROCUL NEGOTIIS.

I THINK that if I had a farm,
I 'd be a man of sense ;
And if the day was bright and warm
I 'd sit upon the fence,
And calmly smoke a pensive pipe
And think about my pigs ;
And wonder if the corn was ripe ;
And counsel *l'homme qui* digs.

And if the day was wet and cold,
I think I should admire
To sit, and dawdle over old
Montaigne, before the fire ;
And pity boobies who could lie
And squabble just for pelf ;
And thank my blessed stars that I
Was nicely fixed myself.

FUIT ILIUM.

WERE you nurtured in the purple?
Were you reared a pampered pet?
Did a menial throng encircle
 You in waiting while you ate?
When a baby had you lockets,
 Silver cups, and forks, and spoons?
Were there coins in the pockets
 Of your childhood's pantaloons?

Did hereditary shekels
 Make your sweethearts deem you fair—
Reconcile them to your freckles
 And your carrot-colored hair?
In electrifying raiment
 Were you every day attired?
Was the promptness of your payment
 Universally admired?

FUIT ILIUM.

Did your father, too confiding,
 Sign the paper of his friends ?
Did his railway-stock, subsiding,
 Cease to pay him dividends ?
Are his buildings slow in renting ?
 Did his banker pilfer, slope,
And absconding leave lamenting
 Creditors to live on hope ?

• • • •

Ere you dissipate a quarter
 Do you scrutinize it twice ?
Have you ceased to look on water-
 Drinking as a nauseous vice ?
Do you wear your brother's breeches,
 Though the buttons scarcely meet ?
Does the vanity of riches
 Form no part of your conceit ?

I am with you, fellow-pauper !
 Let us share our scanty crust —
Burst the bonds of fiscal torpor —
 Go where beer is sold on trust !
Let us, freed from *res angustæ*,
 Seek some fair Utopian mead
Where the throat is never dusty,
 And tobacco grows, a weed.

EPITHALAMIUM.

THE marriage bells have rung their peal,
The wedding march has told its story.

I 've seen her at the altar kneel
In all her stainless, virgin⁹glory ;
She 's bound to honor, love, obey,
Come joy or sorrow, tears or laughter.
I watched her as she rode away,
And flung the lucky slipper after.

She was my first, my very first,
My earliest inamorata,
And to the passion that I nursed
For her I well-nigh was a martyr.
For I was young and she was fair,
And always bright and gay and chipper,
And, oh, she wore such sunlit hair !
Such silken stockings ! such a slipper !

EPITHALAMIUM.

She did not wish to make me mourn —
She was the kindest of God's creatures ;
But flirting was in her inborn,
Like brains and queerness in the Beechers.
I do not fear your heartless flirt,
Obtuse her dart and dull her probe is ;
But when girls do not mean to hurt,
But *do* — *Orate tunc pro nobis !*

A most romantic country place ;
The moon at full, the month of August ;
An inland lake across whose face
Played gentle zephyrs, ne'er a raw gust.
Books, boats and horses to enjoy,
The which was all our occupation ;
A damsel and a callow boy —
There ! now you have the situation.

We rode together miles and miles,
My pupil she, and I her Chiron ;
At home I revelled in her smiles
And read her extracts out of Byron.
We roamed by moonlight, chose our stars
(I thought it most authentic billing),
Explored the woods, climbed over bars,
Smoked cigarettes and broke a shilling.

EPITHALAMIUM.

An infinitely blissful week
Went by in this Arcadian fashion ;
I hesitated long to speak,
But ultimately breathed my passion.
She said her heart was not her own ;
She said she 'd love me like a sister ;
She cried a little (not alone),
I begged her not to fret, and — kissed her.

I lost some sleep, some pounds in weight,
A deal of time and all my spirits,
And much, how much I dare not state
I mused upon that damsel's merits.
I tortured my unhappy soul,
I wished I never might recover ;
I hoped her marriage bells might toll
A requiem for her faithful lover.

And now she 's married, now she wears
A wedding ring upon her finger ;
And I — although it odd appears —
Still in the flesh I seem to linger.
Lo, there my swallow-tail, and here
Lies by my side a wedding favor ;
Beside it stands a mug of beer,
I taste it — how divine its flavor !

EPITHALAMIUM.

I saw her in her bridal dress
Stand pure and lovely at the altar ;
I heard her firm response — that “Yes,”
Without a quiver or a falter.
And here I sit and drink to her
Long life and happiness, God bless her !
Now fill again. No heel taps, sir ;
Here 's to — Success to her successor !

MEA CULPA.

THERE is a thing which in my brain,
Though nightly I revolve it,
I cannot in the least explain,
Nor do I hope to solve it.
While others tread the narrow path
In manner meek and pious,
Why is it that my spirit hath
So opposite a bias?

Brought up to fear the Lord, and dread
The bottomless abysm,
In Watts's hymns profoundly read
And drilled in catechism,
I should have been a model youth,
The pink of all that 's proper.
I was not, but — to tell the truth —
I never cared a copper.

MEA CULPA.

I had no yearnings when a boy
 To sport an angel's wrapper,
Nor heard I with tumultuous joy
 The church-frequenting clapper.
My actions always harmonized
 With my own sweet volition.
I always did what I devised,
 But rarely asked permission.

When o'er the holy book I'd pore
 And read of doings pristine,
I had a fellow-feeling for
 The put-upon Philistine.
King David gratified my taste—
 He harped and danced boleros;
But first the Prodigal was placed
 Upon my list of heroes.

I went to school. To study? No!
 I dearly loved to dally
And dawdle over Ivanhoe,
 Tom Brown and Charles O'Malley:
In recitation I was used
 To halt on every sentence;
Repenting, seldom I produced
 Fruits proper to repentance.

MEA CULPA.

At college, later, I became
Familiar with my Flaccus,
Brought incense to the Muses' flame,
And sacrificed to Bacchus.
I flourished in an air unfraught
With sanctity's aroma ;
Learned many things I was not taught,
And captured a diploma.

I am not well provided for,
I have no great possessions,
I do not like the legal or
Medicinal professions,
Were I of good repute I might
Take orders as a deacon ;
But I 'm no bright and shining light,
But just a warning beacon.

Though often urged by friends sincere
To woo some funded houri,
I cannot read my title clear
To any damsel's dowry.
And could to wedlock I induce
An heiress, I should falter,
For fear that such a bridal noose
Might prove a gilded halter.

MEA CULPA.

My tradesmen have suspicious grown,
My friends are tired of giving ;
Upon the cold, cold world I 'm thrown
To hammer out my living.
I fear that work before me lies —
Indeed, I see no option,
Unless, perhaps, I advertise —
“ An orphan for adoption ! ”

A legacy of misspent time
Is all that I 'm the heir to ;
I cannot make my life sublime
However much I care to.
And if as now I turn my head
In retrospect a minute,
'T is but to recognize my bed,
Before I lie down in it.

I am the man that I have been,
And at the final summing,
How shall I bear to see sent in
My score,— one long shortcoming !
Unless when all the saints exclaim
With righteous wrath, “ *Peccavit !* ”
Some mighty friend shall make his claim
“ He suffered, and — *amavit !* ”

AGAIN.

I WONDER why my brow is burning ;
Why sleep, to close my eyes forgets ;
I wonder why I have a yearning
To smoke incessant cigarettes.
I wonder why my thoughts will wander,
And all restraint of mine defy,
And why — excuse the rhyme — a gander
Is not more of a goose than I.

I have an indistinct impression
I had these symptoms once before,
And dull discomfort held possession
Of this same spot that now is sore.
That some time in a past that ranges
From early whiskers up to bibs,
My heart was ringing just such changes
As now against these selfsame ribs.

AGAIN.

I wish some philanthropic Jenner
Might vaccinate against these ills,
And help us keep our noiseless tenor
Of life submissive to our wills;
And ere our hearts are permeated
By sentiments too warm by half,
That we might be inoculated
With milder passion from a calf.

SNOW-BOUND.

A law office; two briefless ones; a clock strikes.

JAMES.

ONE, two, three, four; it 's four o'clock.
There comes the postman round the block,
And in a jiff we 'll hear his knock
 Most pleasant.
Inform me, Thomas, will he bring
To you deserving no such thing
Letters from her whose praises ring
 Incessant ?

THOMAS.

Friend of my bosom, James, refrain
From putting questions fraught with pain,
And seeking facts I had not fain
 Imparted.
The said official on this stretch,
Will not, in my opinion, fetch,
Such documents to me, a wretch
 Down-hearted.

SNOW-BOUND.

JAMES.

Nay ; but I prithee, Thomas, tell
To me, thy friend, who loves thee well,
What cause there is for such a fell
Deprival.

Why is it that the message fails ?
Have broken ties, or twisted rails,
Or storm, or snow delayed the mail's
Arrival ?

THOMAS.

Thou art, oh, James ! a friend indeed,
To probe my wound and make it bleed ;
To know of my affairs thy greed
Hath no bound.

The reason why, thou hast not guessed,
If storm there were, 't was in her breast,
For there my letter, unexpressed,
Lies snow-bound.

TO MABEL.

UPON this anniversaree,
My little godchild, aged three,
My compliments I make to thee,
Quite heedless.

And that you 'll throw them now away,
But treasure them some future day,
Are platitudes, the which to say
Is needless.

You small, stout damsel, muckle mou'd,
With cropped tow-head and manners rude,
And stormy spirit unsubdued
By nurses.

Where you were raised was it in vogue
To lisp that Tipperary brogue ?
Oh, you 're a subject sweet, you rogue,
For verses !

TO MABEL.

Last Sunday morning when we stayed
At home you got yourself arrayed
In Lyman's clothes and turned from maid
To urchin.

And when we all laughed at you so,
You eyed outside the falling snow,
And thought your rig quite fit to go
To church in.

Play on, play on, dear little lass !
Play on till sixteen summers pass,
And then I 'll bring a looking-glass.

And there be-
Fore you on your lips I 'll show
The curves of small Dan Cupid's bow,
And then the crop that now is "tow"
Shall "fair" be.

And then I 'll show you, too, the charms
Of small firm hands and rounded arms,
And eyes whose flashes send alarms

Right through you;
And then a half-regretful sigh
May break from me to think that I,
At forty years, can never try,
To woo you.

TO MABEL.

What shall I wish you? Free from ruth,
To live and learn in love and truth,
Through childhood's day and days of youth,
 And school's day.

For all the days that intervene
'Twixt Mab at three and at nineteen,
Are but one sombre or serene
 All Fools' Day.

IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

WHAT? You here! Why, old man, I never
Felt more surprise or more delight;
Who would have dreamt that you would ever
Parade around in robes of white?
I always thought of you as dodging
The coals and firebrands somewhere else;
And here you are, with board and lodging,
Where not so much as butter melts.

Well, well, old man, if you can stand it
Up here, I 'll never make a fuss;
I had forebodings that they 'd planned it
A little stiff for men like us.
The boys were much cut up about you,
You got away so very quick;
And, as for me, to do without you
Just absolutely made me sick.

IN THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

I wish you could have seen us plant you ;
 Why, every man squeezed out a tear,
And — just imagine us, now, can't you ? —
 The gang, and yours the only bier !
Fred hammered out some bully verses ;
 We had them printed in the sheet,
With lines funereal as hearse
 Around them — did n't it look sweet !

Halloo ! is that Sir Walter Raleigh ? —
 I wish you 'd point the people out ;
I want to look at Tom Macaulay ;
 Is Makepeace anywhere about ?
Where 's Socrates ? Where 's Sydney Carton ? —
 Oh, I forgot he was a myth ;
If there 's a thing I 've set my heart on
 It is to play with Sydney Smith.

What ? Glad I came ? I am for certain ;
 The other 's a malarious hole.
I always pined to draw the curtain,
 And somehow knew I had a soul.
The flesh — oh, was n't it a fetter !
 You 'd get so tired of all your schemes ;
But here, I think, I 'll like it better.
 Oh dear, how natural it seems !

A SECOND THOUGHT.

THIS world 's the worst I ever saw ;
I 'd like to make it better ;
I 'm going to promulgate the law,
And hold men to its letter.
Be respectable and stand
Esteemed of Mrs. Grundy ;
Attend to business week-days and
Read moral books on Sunday.

On Sabbath keepers, every one,
Approvingly I smile, and
Frown on those who spend their Sun-
Days down at Coney Island.
Don't play cards, young man ; gobang
Affords amusement ample.
Speak carefully, eschewing slang,
And set a good example.

A SECOND THOUGHT.

The theaters, how bad they be !
The players, oh, how vicious !
The waltz I shudder when I see,
And think it most pernicious.
Shun the wine cup; don't be led
To drink by scoff or banter;
In the cup lurk pains of head,
And snakes in the decanter.

• • • • •
Ah, me ! I wonder if I 'm right !
I say, "It 's wrong to do so !"
As though, without a soul in sight,
I ruled alone, like Crusoe.
Is it that I am partly wrong,
And partly right, my neighbor,
And that we get, who toil so long,
Half truths for all our labor ?

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

DARKLY the humorist
Muses on fate ;
Ghastly experiment
Life seems to him,
Subject for merriment
Somber and grim ;
Is it his doom or is 't
Something he ate ?

ET TU, BERGHE!

AND art thou, Bergh, so firmly set
Against domestic strife,
As to correct with stripes the man
Who disciplines his wife ?

Such action doth not of thy creed
Appear the normal fruit ;
Thou shouldst befriend a being who
Behaves so like a brute !

INSOMNIA.

COME, vagrant sleep, and close the lid
Upon the casket of my thought;
Come, truant, come when thou art bid,
And let thyself be caught.

For lonely is the night, and still ;
And save my own no breath I hear,
No other mind, no other will,
Nor heart nor hand is near.

Thy waywardness what prayer can move !
Canst thou by any lure be brought ?
Or art thou then like woman's love
That only comes unsought ?

Up ! Where 's my dressing gown ? My pipe is here.
Slumber be hanged ! Now for a book and beer.

CIVIL SERVICE.

ON Pennsylvania avenue
He stood and waited for a car;
He turned to catch a parting view
Of where the Public Buildings are:
He looked at them with thoughtful eye;
He took his hat from off his head;
He heaved a half-regretful sigh,
And thus he said:

“ My relative, I do the bidding
Of Fate, and say to thee good-bye.
I think thee fortunate at ridding
Thyself of such a clerk as I.
Thy sure support, though somewhat meagre,
Hath much about it to commend;
Nor am I now so passing eager
To leave so provident a friend.

CIVIL SERVICE.

“ Light was thy yoke could I have borne it
With tranquil mind and step sedate ;
Why did my feeble shoulders scorn it
And seem to crave a heavier weight ?
Extremely blest is his condition
Whose needs thy bounteous hands supply,
If he but fling away ambition
And let the world go rushing by.

“ *Indocilis pauperiem pati,*
I must get out of this damp spot.
Away ! away ! Whatever fate I
May have in store, I fear it not.
Away from all my soul despises,
From paltry aims, from sordid cares ;
Fame, honor, love, time’s richest prizes,
Lie waiting for the man who dares.

“ The man who calls no man his master,
Nor bows his head to tinsel gods ;
Who faces debt, disease, disaster,
And never murmurs at the odds ;
Although his life from its beginning
Marks only fall succeeding fall,
Let him fight on and trust to winning
In death the richest prize of all.”

CIVIL SERVICE.

He jammed his hat down on his head;
He turned from where the Buildings are;
Precipitately thence he fled,
And caught a passing car.

ALL OR NOTHING.

HAPPY the man whose far remove
From business and the giddy throng
Fits him in the paternal groove
Unquestioning to glide along.
Apart from struggle and from strife,
Content to live by labor's fruits,
And wander down the vale of life
In gingham shirt and cowhide boots.

He too is blessed who, from within,
By strong and lasting impulse stirred,
Faces the turmoil and the din
Of rushing life; whom hope deferred
But more incites; who ever strives,
And wants, and works, and waits, until
The multitude of other lives
Pay glorious tribute to his will.

ALL OR NOTHING.

But he who, greedy of renown,
Is too tenacious of his ease,
Alas for him ! Nor busy town
Nor country with his mood agrees ;
Eager to reap, but loath to sow,
He longs *monstrarī digito*,
And looking on with envious eyes,
Lives restless and obscurely dies.

A PHILADELPHIA CLAVERHOUSE.

TO the fathers in council 't was Witherspoon spoke :
 " Our best beloved dogmas we cannot revoke ;
God's infinite mercy let others record,
And teach men to trust in their crucified Lord ;
The old superstitions let others dispel,
I feel it my duty to go in for Hell !

" Perdition is needful ; beyond any doubt
Hell fire is a thing that we can't do without.
The bottomless pit is our very best claim ;
To leave it unworked were a sin and a shame ;
We *must* keep it up, if we like it or not,
And make it eternal and make it red-hot.

" To others the doctrine of love may be dear —
I own I confide in the doctrine of fear ;
There 's nothing, I think, so effective to make
Our weak fellow mortals their errors forsake,

A PHILADELPHIA CLAVERHOUSE.

As to tell them abruptly, with unchanging front,
‘ You ’ll be damned if you do ! You ’ll be damned if you
don’t ! ’

“ Saltpetre and pitchforks, with brimstone and coals,
Are arguments suited to rescue men’s souls.
A new generation forthwith must arise
With Beelzebub pictured before their young eyes ;
They ’ll be brave, they ’ll be true, they ’ll be gentle and
kind,
Because they ’ll have Satan forever in mind.”

THROWING STONES.

“ **I** LOVE my child,” the actress wrote ;
“ My duty is to guide
The child I bore ; and in my arms
The child I love shall hide —
Shall hide from missiles cast at me,
Because I have so odd
A conscience that I choose to rear
The child I took from God.”

There is a sin from which us all
May gracious Heaven guard,
That is its own worst punishment,
Itself its sole reward.
And of it social law has said
To man : “ If sin you must,
Go, then, and come again, but leave
The woman in the dust ! ”

THROWING STONES.

Ah ! who can know, save Him Allwise
Who watches from above,
The awful hazard women dare
To run for men they love ;
Or tell how many a craven heart,
To shield his own bad name,
Has caused a woman's trustful love
To bring her lasting shame ?

To her who, when the dream has passed,
Finds herself left alone,
And in her crushed, repentant heart,
A yearning to atone,
Heaven, more pitiful than man
Who erst upon her smiled,
By love to win her to itself
May send a little child.

Then, if the lonely mother's heart
Accepts the gracious gift ;
And if the charge she dared to take
She does not dare to shift ;
Shall we, untempted and untried,
To ease and virtue born,
Visit upon her shrinking head
Our unrelenting scorn ?

THROWING STONES.

We, who have all our lives been taught
Truths other men have learned,
And walked by what celestial light
In other bosoms burned ;
We, whose sublimest duty is
To do as we are bid ;
How shall we judge a soul from which
The face of God is hid ?

Know you the loneliness of heart
That courts release from death ?
That makes it burdensome to draw
Each slow, successive breath ?
That longs for human sympathy,
Until, when hope is lost,
A respite from its agony
It buys at any cost ?

Of erring human nature, we
Are born, each with his share ;
We all are vain ; we all are weak,
And quick to fly from care.
And if we keep our footing,
Or seem to rise at all,
'T were well for us with charity
To look on those who fall.

THROWING STONES.

And if our hands are strengthened,
And if our lips can speak,
'T were well if with them we might help
Our brothers who are weak;
And well if we remember
God's love is never grudged,
And never sit in judgment,
If we would not be judged.

TOUCHING BOTTOM.

I THINK that I have somewhere read
About a man whose foolish head,
By mischievous intention led,
 A sprite
Had with an ass's visage decked,
That all who met him might detect
His intellectual defect
 At sight.

The trite remark of man and book
That many men are men in look,
But donkeys really, thus the spook
 Reversed ;
The victim of the imp's design
Had such a head as yours or mine,
Although his did seem asinine
 At first.

TOUCHING BOTTOM.

But Love — I think the story ran —
Was proof against the fairy's plan,
Discerning through the mask the man,
Perhaps ;
Or, is it true that women try,
But very faintly, to descry
Long ears on heads that occupy
Their laps !

I know a youth whose fancy gropes
For headgear finer than the Pope's,
So him his bright and treacherous hopes
Delude ;
But, in the mirror of his fears,
When this too sanguine person peers,
Alas ! behold the jackass ears
Protrude !

Titania, mine, if I could find
You always to my follies blind,
So great content would rule my mind
Within,
That even though myself aware
Of pointed ears adorned with hair,
I do not think that I would care
A pin.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

IT was my happy lot to meet
Upon a late occasion,
While seeking of the summer's heat
 Agreeable evasion,
By visiting at a resort
 Of fashion — where, no matter —
A maid whom there was none to court,
 And very few to flatter.

Her head had not the graceful poise
 Of Aphrodite's statue ;
Her hair reminded you of boys ;
 Her nose was pointed at you.
A Derby hat, the self-same sort
 The fashionable male owes
Money for, she used to sport
 As angels do their halos.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

She seldom walked in silk attire,
But commonly in flannel:
Not yet in oils did she aspire
To figure on a panel;
Because she could not help but see
She was not tall nor slender;
Nor did she deem her curves to be
Superlatively tender.

Some prudish dames did her abuse
With censure fierce and scathing;
Because she, happening to lose
Her stocking while in bathing,
Deemed such a loss of little note,
And simply tied the plaguèd
Stocking 'round her little throat
And reappeared barelegged.

I do not think that for the pelf
Of eligible boobies,
Or for the chance to deck herself
With diamonds and rubies,
Or for her standing in the books
Of prim and proper ladies,
Or for their disapproving looks,
She cared a hoot from Hades.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Though competent to hold her tongue,
When circumstance demanded
Speech, she was, for one so young,
Astonishingly candid.
She sang the vulgarest of songs,
Which sung by her were funny,
And never brooded o'er her wrongs —
Nor hoarded up her money.

'T is true this careless damsels's fame
At last grew somewhat shady ;
But if the man disposed to name
Her fast, or not a lady,
Will in the present writer's way
Considerately toddle,
This writer thinks that person may
Get punched upon his noddle.

LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO.

O H, the cow-puncher Budge has come in from the West ;
In all Colorado his ranch is the best ;
And, barring a toothbrush, he baggage had none,
For he came in some haste, and he came not for fun ;
Nor vigils nor gold to his quest doth he grudge—
On an errand of love comes the cow-puncher Budge.

A telegram reached him ; he called for a horse.
He rode ninety miles as a matter of course ;
The last twenty-seven he galloped, and then
Just caught the Atlantic Express at Cheyenne.
He stayed not to eat nor to drink, for he knew
He could pick up a meal on the C. B. & Q.

He got to Chicago the second day out,
But right through Chicago he kept on his route,
Nor stayed to buy linen, not even a shirt ;
He liked flannel best and he did n't mind dirt.

LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO.

With trousers tucked into his boots, said he “Fudge! —
Small odds — if I get there,” said bold Robert Budge.

From Worth, the Parisian of awful repute,
Had come divers gowns to Angelica Bute,
And parcels from Tiffany daily were stowed
Away in strong rooms of her father’s abode ;
But she languished, nor heeded she hint, cough or nudge ;
She was bound to Fitz James, but she cottoned to Budge.

But hark! ‘T is the door-bell ! a symptom of joy
Lights her eye — “Ah ! at last !” ‘T is a telegraph boy ;
The maid brings a message ; she takes it, half dead
With mingled excitement, hope, eagerness — dread :
*“ Mayor’s house on Thursday, at nine ; let me judge
What next ! only meet me there.*

Faithfully,
Budge.”

On Thursday at nine, to the house of the Mayor
Two persons came singly, but left it a pair,
A man and a bride in a travelling dress,
Went Westward at ten on the lightning express.
A wedding at Grace Church, which should have occurred
At twelve, was, for reasons not given, deferred.

LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO.

The dowagers called it the greatest of shames.
The men said, "It 's rough on that fellow Fitz James" ;
The damsels declared it was awfully nice,
And vowed they could do it and never think twice.
"It 's a chore to get housemaids ; you may have to drudge
At the start ; but — I love you," said cow-puncher Budge.

A MORTIFYING SUBJECT.

WHAT is to be, I do not know :
What is I do esteem
To be so undesirable
And worthless, that I deem
There must be something good in store,
Something to keep in view,
To compensate us living here,
For living as we do.

For life — oh life, it seems a chore !
Its surface is so blurred
By cares and passions that it makes
One long to be interred ;
To occupy a tranquil spot
Some seven feet by two,
And just serenely lie and rot,
With nothing else to do.

A MORTIFYING SUBJECT.

I think that when there ceased to be
Sufficient tenement
To hold my conscience, then I would
Begin to be content.
And if I should be there to see
My stomach take its leave,
I 'd gather up my mouldering shroud
And chuckle in my sleeve.

I think that when the greedy worm
Began upon my brains,
I 'd wish him luck, and hope he 'd get
His dinner for his pains.
I 'd warn him that they would be apt
With him to disagree,
For if they fed him well 't were what
They seldom did for me.

But when I should be certain that
My scarred and battered heart
Was of my corporality
Not any more a part,
Though I 'd no voice, I 'd rattle in
My throat, with joyous tones ;
And with no feelings left, I would
Feel happy in my bones.

MIXED.

WITHIN my earthly temple there 's a crowd.
There one of us that 's humble ; one that 's proud.
There 's one that 's broken-hearted for his sins,
And one who, unrepentant, sits and grins.
There 's one who loves his neighbor as himself,
And one who cares for naught but fame and pelf.
From much corroding care would I be free
If once I could determine which is me.

AND WAS HE RIGHT?

“I'M going to marry — not you,” she said,
I “But a better fellow in your stead.
You 're not so bad — not bad at all ;
I 'd like to keep you within my call,
But not to take you for good and all.
I 'm going to live on yonder street ;
Do you live near me,” she said ; “so sweet
As I 'll be to you whenever we meet !
And in my house there 'll be a seat
Where you can sit and warm your feet,
And your contentment shall be complete —
Come ! Is n't it a divine conceit ?”

She said.

Softly his breast a sigh set free :
He said, “Dear Heart, it may not be.
Not for the perfume of the rose
Would I live near to where it grows.
If not for me the bud has blown,
I 'd rather leave the flower alone.
Who by the bush sits down forlorn
Is only fit to feel the thorn,”

He said.

BALLADE OF THE GENERAL TERM.

EACH in his high official chair;
One who presides; two plain J. J.
Decent of mien and white of hair
They sit there judging all the day.
The gravity of what they say
Bent brows and sober tones confirm;
Brown, Jones and Robinson are they,
Justices of the General Term.

I see the learned counsel there
Rise up and argue, move and pray;
Attorneys with respectful air
Their perspicacity display.
Serenely joyous if they may
Of justice keep alive the germ;
Motion and argument they weigh
Those justices of General Term.

BALLADE OF THE GENERAL TERM.

That court I haunt, not that I care
For justice in a general way;
Nor yet because I hope to share
With anyone a client's pay.
The reason why I there delay
And on the court's hard benches squirm
Is that of Love I am the prey —
Her father's of the General Term.

ENVOY.

I look at him with dire dismay —
Scorched by his eye I seem a worm.
“Dismissed with costs,” is what he 'll say —
That Justice of the General Term.

INFIRM.

“ **I** WILL not go,” he said, “ for well
I know her eyes’ insidious spell,
And how unspeakably he feels
Who takes no pleasure in his meals.
I know a one-idea’d man
Should undergo the social ban,
And if she once my purpose melts
I know I ’ll think of nothing else.

“ I care not though her teeth are pearls —
The town is full of nicer girls !
I care not though her lips are red —
It does not do to lose one’s head !
I ’ll give her leisure to discover,
For once, how little I think of her ;
And then, how will she feel ? ” cried he —
And took his hat and went to see.

CRUMBS AND COMFORT.

LET no man, irked by tedious fate,
The worth of victuals underrate ;
But thankful be if so he may
Environ three square meals a day ;
For, barring drink, there 's naught so good,
Up to its limit's edge, as food.

Up to its limit? Yes, but will
Food satisfy as well as fill?
Hear humankind responsive groan—
“Man cannot live by bread alone!”
Oh, tell me, Sibyl, tell me whether
A man might live on bread— together!

ASHORE.

*Man's happiness depends upon the views
He takes of circumstances that he's in.
To some it is a greater joy to lose
Than it, to others, ever is to win.*

SINCE our poor hopes, like vessels tempest tossed,
Are duly wrecked, and all illusion ceases ;
Now that the game is up, let's count the cost,
And estimate the value of the pieces.

And first, our heart: It was a flimsy thing
Already when we dared this last adventure ;
And if it 's flimsy still — why that should bring
No added liability to censure.

A serviceable organ is it still,
That does our turn in absence of a better ;
And very shortly, we believe, it will
As calmly thump as though we 'd never met her.

ASHORE.

If tissues are so delicately spun
As not to stand a reasonable racket,
Their anxious owner has as little fun
As Master Thomas in his Sunday jacket.

Give tender hearts to those who like that kind,
And gain in strength with every pang they suffer;
We praise that sort, but with relief we find
That ours is tough and yearly growing tougher.

Our head remains the same indifferent pate,
Guiltless alike of learning and of laurels.
We notice, though, with thankfulness, of late
A measure of improvement in our morals.

Our purse was always lean, so it amounts
To little that it yet remains depleted;
Though florists' and confectioners' accounts
Are in, and payment of the same entreated.

We 've lost a heap of time, but being rid
Of time, one always gets along without it.
Could we have spent it better than we did!
Another might; but, for ourself, we doubt it.

ASHORE.

And we have learned — nothing. We knew before
The folly and the vanity of wooing:
And if we chose to try it still once more,
'T was not to win, but simply to be doing.

It was not that we hoped to gain a heart;
That that were vain required no further proving.
It only meant that souls that live apart
Yield sometimes to the human need of loving.

Is this the last? While yet his garments drip
The stranded mariner forgets his pain,
And rescuing the remnants of his ship,
Already plans to make them float again.

BARTER.

YES, there 's a hole ; you need n't be
At pains to point it out to me :
I know it.

I do not claim the piece is whole,
Or that its yard of width is full :
I merely show it.

Fast color ? Do I really think
That being soaked it will not shrink
When dried ?

Now that I 've got it off the shelf,
You 'd better test the dyes yourself,
And so decide.

Cotton ? I dare surmise it 's full
Of threads that one might wish were wool,
If wishing did it.

Look sharp ; but if through being blind
Some flaw or fault you fail to find,
Don't say I hid it.

BARTER.

The price is high? You think it so?
Well, this is not, I'd have you know,

A bankrupt sale.

These wares of mine if you despise,
Some other dealer's merchandise
May find more favor in your eyes;
To hold mine over for a rise

I shall not fail.

BEGGARS' HORSES.

I WISH that altitude of tone,
The waistband's due expansion,
The faculty to hold one's own
In this and t' other mansion ;
And shirts and shoes and moral force,
Topcoats and overgaiters,
Were things that always came of course
To philosophic waiters.

I wish that not by twos and threes,
In squads and plural numbers,
Young women would destroy one's ease
Of mind and rout one's slumbers ;
But that if by a poor heart's squirms
Their pleasures know accession,
They 'd hold it for successive terms
In several possession.

BEGGARS' HORSES.

I wish I had been changed at birth,
And in my place maturing
Some infant of surpassing worth,
Industrious past curing,
Had grown up subject to my share
In Father Adam's blunder,
And left me free to pile up care
For him to stagger under.

I wish that some things could be had
Without foregoing others ;
That all the joys that are not bad
Were not weighed down with bothers.
We can but wonder as we test
The scheme of compensations,
Is happiness with drawbacks best,
Or grief with consolations.

TO-DAY.

SEE that what burdens Heaven may lay
Upon your shrinking neck to-day,
 To-day you bear ;
Nor seek to shun their weary weight,
Nor, bowed with dread, anticipate
 To-morrow's care.

Not with too great a load shall Fate,
That knows the end, your shoulders freight
 Or heart oppress ;
If but to-day's appointed work
You grapple with, nor wish to shirk
 Its due distress.

The coward heart that turns away
From present tasks, with justice may
 Forebodings fill.
Fools try to quaff to-morrow's wine ;
As though to-morrow's sun could shine
 Unrisen still.

OF MISTRESS MARTHA: HER EYES.

TRANSFIXED and spitted in my heart
By Mistress Martha's eyes, their dart,
Which has within me raised a great
Commotion and uneasy state.

Or are they black or are they blue
I know not any more than you,
Nor could I for a wager say
If they be hazel, brown or gray.

But when it comes to diagnosis
Of what the outcome of their use is
Full, comprehensive and exact
Is my conception of the fact.

OF MISTRESS MARTHA: HER EYES.

When first their witchery has begun
You might be saved if you would run:
But who would look for cause for fear
In depths so limpid, calm and clear.
Too soon, poor fool, you find you 've stayed
Till it 's too late to be afraid.

Alas for him who thus misreckons
For friendly lights mistaking beacons.
Better it were if he had found
Clarence, his fate, in Malmsey drowned,
Than Mistress, in thine eyes to sink,
Nor make a tear o'erflow its brink.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL.

ONE-AND-TWENTY, one-and-twenty,
Youth and beauty, lovers plenty ;
Health and riches, ease and leisure,
Work to give a zest to pleasure ;
What can a maid so lucky lack ?
What can I wish that Fate holds back ?

Youth will fade and beauty wanes ;
Lovers, flouted, break their chains.
Health may fail and wealth may fly you,
Pleasures cease to satisfy you ;
Almost everything that brings
Happiness is born with wings.

This I wish you — this is best :
Love that can endure the test ;
Love surviving youth and beauty,
Love that blends with homely duty,
Love that 's gentle, love that 's true,
Love that 's constant wish I you.

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL.

Still unsatisfied she lives
Who for gold mere silver gives.
One more joy I wish you yet,
To give as much love as you get.
Grant you, heaven, this to do,
To love him best who best loves you.

AUTUMN.

I HAVE sundry queer sensations
When the year gets round to Autumn.
What they are, and how I caught 'em
Is obscure, but they are there —
Certain gay exhilarations
Half-and-half, as Bass with Guinness,
With a sad what-might-have-been-ness
In the brisk September air.

Back come hopes and young ambitions
With the golden-rod and sumach,
But impregnated with true Mach-
Iavellian despair.

Taking note of changed conditions ;
Weighing powers with limitations !
Facts with futile aspirations
Born of bracing autumn air.

AUTUMN.

Now I see myself grown famous,
Bold of voice and free of gesture,
Grave, superb, of stunning vesture
Flood with eloquence the court.

Soon ascends my *Gaudeamus*
As I realize there are n't
Any facts that seem to warrant
Premonitions of that sort.

Welcome each hallucination :
Welcome, none the less, discerning
Common sense in time returning
To obliterate the spell.
As a means of elevation —
As a sort of moral derrick
This autumnal, atmospheric
Spirit-hoister bears the bell.

REMORSE.

MY spirit sits in ashes, heaping dust upon its head ;
I 've said a silly thing, and now it cannot be unsaid.
What boots it that to only two the wretched truth is
known,
If of the conscious pair who know it I myself am one ?

I have my doubts — more doubts the more I think of what
I said —
If, really, half a loaf is so much better than no bread ;
For if a person is an ass, and duly bound to show it,
Cold comfort 't is that he should have just sense enough to
know it.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

THEY say that folks who perch upon the brink
 Of cañon deep or awful precipice
A morbid impulse feel as back they shrink,
 To jump the edge off into the abyss;
And now and then some feather-head will dash
 Over the cliff to fundamental smash.
So often with a man when he has won
 The passing favor of a maid demure,
Not satisfied with having well begun,
 And over-eager to make all secure,
Blind to his fate and heedless of his stops,
 With mad, spasmodic previousness, he pops.
Poor, dizzy fool ; instead of winning more
 He only loses what he had before.

RETIREMENT.

NAY, do not ask why I who late
First in the giddy throng disported,
Now choose the solitary state
And live alone unmisse^d, uncourted.
Is it so strange that sometimes man
His own poor company should cherish ?
Must I go on as I began
And dance, whoever pipes, or perish ?

It may be that some stocks I had
At lower figures now are quoted.
It may be that my liver 's bad ;
It may be that my tongue is coated.
It may be that malarial pains
Are of the ills my flesh inherits —
That fever rages in my veins
And chills disintegrate my spirits.

RETIREMENT.

It may be that my friends are dead ;
It may be that my foes are not ;
Colds may have settled in my head,
My coppers may be always hot.
It may be that I feel above
My peers, and think myself a swell ;
It may be that I 'm crossed in love ;
It may be that I will not tell.

I own I find a mean relief,
Confining to myself my dealings ;
A cheap community of grief
Between me and my battered feelings,
I shun the haunts of happier men ;
Their mirth my misery increases ;
My little bark is wrecked again
And I am busy with the pieces.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

HE said, " I admire and approve you,
My intellect's voice is for you ;
But when you entreat me to love you,
I own I 'm at loss what to do.
How I wish that on one or the other
My heart and my head might agree ;
I esteem you so much ! but — Oh, bother !
My heart's choice is Barney McGee."

Which the reason is why dissipation
Has ravaged the bloom from my cheek,
And nothing but liquid damnation
Has slipped past my lips for a week.
Since, I hope, as depravity marks me,
To make him by contrast so shine
That all her approval may his be,
And her love irretrievably mine.

WHAT HE WANTS IN HIS.

I DO not ask thee, Fate, to bake
For me so very large a cake ;
Choose thou the size — but I entreat
That though but small, it shall be sweet.
Let those who like it have it, I
Feel no desire for sawdust pie.

I have no wail for all the years
I 've lived on crusts washed down with tears.
If I must drain the bitter cup
As heretofore, why — fill it up.
But when my cake, if ever, comes,
Vouchsafe it to me full of plums !

BE KIND TO THYSELF.

C OMES the message from above—
“As thyself, thy neighbor, love.”
With myself so vexed I grow—
Of my weakness weary so,
Easier may I tolerate
My neighbor than myself not hate.

*Take not part of thee for whole,
Thou art neighbor to thy soul;
The ray from heaven that gilds the clod
Love thou, for it comes from God.
Bear thou with thy human clay
Lest thou miss the heaven-sent ray.*

LOST LIGHT.

I CANNOT make her smile come back —
That sunshine of her face
That used to make this worn earth seem,
At times, so gay a place.
The same dear eyes look out at me ;
The features are the same ;
But, oh, the smile is out of them,
And I must be to blame !

Sometimes I see it still. I went
With her the other day
To meet a long-missed friend, and while
We still were on the way,
Her confidence in waiting love
Brought back for me to see
The old-time love-light to her eyes
That will not shine for me.

LOST LIGHT.

They tell me money waits for me,
And reputation, too.

I like those gewgaws quite as well
As other people do,

But I care not for what I have,
Nor lust for what I lack

One tithe as much as my heart longs
To call that lost light back.

Come back, dear banished smile, come back,
And into exile drive

All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes,
That in thy stead would thrive.

Who wants the earth without its sun,
And what has life for me

That 's worth a thought, if, as its price,
It leaves me stript of thee?

DATED "FEBRUARY THE 14TH."

*B*LEST be St. Valentine, his day,
That gives a man a chance to say
What shall his state of mind disclose,
As much as though he should propose.

DEAR MAID: I 'd offer you this minute
My hand, but lo ! there 's nothing in it.
Enmeshed my heart by your dear lures is,
But I 'm forbid to ask where yours is.

And why ? Why, dear, at twenty-three
A man is what he 's going to be ;
Futures are actual in one's head,
But *is*ness is what women wed.
Clients nor patients, nor their fees,
Your slave at three-and-twenty sees,
And girls with nineteen-year-old blushes
Are birds he *must* leave in the bushes.

DATED "FEBRUARY THE 14TH."

Yet somehow feelings don't agree
With circumstances: Look at me
With naught in hand and all to get,
Rapping at Fortune's gate — and yet
In spite of all I know, and see,
And listen to, I could not be
More hopelessly in love with you
If I were rich and sixty-two.

That 's all : It 's nothing that you 'll find
Important, but it 's off my mind.
If one must boil and keep it hid
The long year through, to blow the lid
Off *once* helps *some*, and one may gain
Patience therefrom to stand the pain
Until the calendar's advance
Gives suffering hearts another chance.

LOOKING ON.

THE *dolce far niente* is a delightful game
If only he can spare the time who plays it.
If one is three-and-twenty and does n't covet fame,
And cares less what he says than how he says it—
If one deliberately can (and never think it loss)
Earn women's smiles in hours in which he might be
earning dross—
If one can be content to sit and watch, year after year,
The world's great ships go sailing by, and never want to
steer—
If one is not aware that standing still means slipping back,
Or if one 's not averse to retrograding on one's track—
The *dolce far niente* is a delightful game
For people who have lives to spare to play it.

REVULSION.

THE very bones of me rebel;
I cannot be resigned;
I am so all-too-tired-to-tell,
Of being so refined.
My instincts are too nasty nice,
I 'd rather be more brute,
And not so easy to disgust,
And difficult to suit.

My fun is all a razor-edge
And needle-point affair,
That has no substance back of it.
My very woes are spare,
And decorous, and qualified.
A robust grief to me,
With groans, and tears, and takings on,
Would be a luxury.

REVULSION.

I vow I 'm going to learn to chew,
 And navy plug, what 's more;
I 'm going to wear a gingham shirt,
 And spit right on the floor.
Cravats and collars I 'll abjure,
 A slouch shall be my hat,
My diet pork, with cabbage (boiled),
 And beer — bock-beer at that !

I 'll learn to drive a speedy nag,
 And laugh a boisterous laugh;
To down men bluntly in dispute,
 Or shut them up with chaff.
I 'd go to Congress if I could,
 And since I can't go there,
I 'd gladly be an alderman
 Or even run for mayor.

I cannot stand it any more,
 My culture 's not the stuff;
For though it 's pretty to be nice,
 It 's wholesome to be tough.
Perhaps when I 've grown coarser-grained,
 I 'll have less cause to sigh,
At finding that my fellows have
 So much more fun than I.

FOLGER.

HE died in harness, like the brave
Old warrior he was, who dared
To lead a hopeless charge, nor spared
His strength, nor sought himself to save.

His learning freights the lawyer's shelf;
Praise him who played so high a part!
But honor more the loyal heart
That calmly sacrificed itself.

It is not ours to choose what prize
Our manhood's hopes shall satisfy;
That we must leave to destiny,
And work out that which in us lies,

Content, if justly may be carved
Upon the slab our dust that guards,
Not a mere list of earth's rewards,
But nobler tribute, this: "He served."

GRANT.

NO faultless man was he whose work is done.
It is not giv'n men to be wholly wise:

Still shall our deeds be sometimes ill-advised,
While in our veins still human blood shall run.
But sundered States, now one again, attest
That what he gave his country was his best.

'Spoiled of his fortune, rifled of his ease,
Above all ills his stubborn spirit rose.
Declining proffered affluence, he chose —
Though wrung with pain and weakened by disease —
That his own shoulders should support the weight
Of woe laid on them by ungentle fate.

The silent soldier ; not with fulsome gaud
May we oppress the chaplet that he wears.
Freed from his pain, nor hears he now nor cares
If men his fame disparage or applaud.
Of his renown be this the mighty meed —
He served his country in his country's need.

AD SODALES.

Read at a supper of the Class of 1877, Harvard College,
June 27, 1882.

Is it a dream ! Can it be true
That we, ungalled by business fetters,
Four careless years once loitered through,
Sojourners in the home of letters !
Beyond a doubt it is a fact
Well ascertained and well attested :
The classic shades, though not intact,
Are still the shades that we infested.

Across from Holyoke House still bloom
Horse-chestnut trees with fragrant blossom ;
Old Jarvis Field is still the home
Of balls, and men who love to toss 'em.
The shriek of car-wheel rounding curve,
The listener's blood still duly curdles ;
Their graceful height the elms preserve,
Oblivious to their tarry girdles.

AD SODALES.

And still across the winding Charles
Come shells, and smells, and rapid barges ;
The Freshman still, in force at Carl's,
 His knowledge of the world enlarges.
The Sophomore is still assured
 That wisdom with himself shall perish ;
To Clubs the Junior still is lured ;
 Still tender fancies Seniors cherish.

But yesterday, and we, like these,
 Were nursing our jejune affections,
And putting in for our degrees,
 And squabbling over class elections.
That Class Day night,— the window-seat,
 From which all thought of else was banished
While She sat there, so dear — so sweet —
 Ah ! since that night five years have vanished !

Another grinds where once we ground ;
 Another loaf where once we idled ;
And others still cavort around
 With spirits — like our's *were* — unbridled.
New fellows now presume to woo
 New girls, whose charms we never wot of ;
New scouts there are and goodies too,
 A whole new world that we are not of.

AD SODALES.

But still, when dismal howls the wind,
And sweeps the rain in gusts and flurries,
When he who walks looks not behind
But turns his collar up and hurries,—
On certain granite blocks is brought
To light, an ancient legend,* showing
Where, in the days we knew, 't was thought
The University was going.

And was it going there, or can
There truly be a place infernal
Where Justice takes it out of man
For transient sins by pains eternal?
I do not know ! It is not worth
One's while to disinter dead issues ;
I know that what make Hell of Earth
Are weakened wills and worn-out tissues.

And to these mundane hells, they say,
The paths that lead at first are cheerful
And bright, but further on, the way,
If still pursued, grows dark and fearful.

* NOTE.—On the front of University Hall appeared one morning the inscription, “ The University is Going to Hell.” It was scrubbed off, but is still legible in damp weather.

AD SODALES.

It may be some of us did get
Too far along — I do not say so —
But — Well ! we 'll do to pray for yet :
We are survivors : let us stay so.

The voices of the gentlest tone,
The truest eyes, and hearts the kindest ;
The minds most conscious of their own
Shortcomings, and to ours the blindest ;
Ah ! one by one, and year by year,
Beneath the graveyard's grassy hummocks
We see them laid, and we meet here,
Worse men, perhaps, with better stomachs.

Death, Flaccus says, with equal kick
Salutes the door of prince and peasant ;
Nor comes he slower or more quick
If life be burdensome or pleasant.
'T is fit that in his steps should tread
Sweet Charity, the all-forgiving
Nil nisi bonum of the dead :
Be all our censure for the living.

We, who are left, be ours to keep
Our harnesses from getting rusty ;
What wit we have from going to sleep ;
Our wisdom from becoming musty :

AD SODALES.

To catch the rein our fellow drops,
Mount, and in action growing bolder,
Reck not that at the crupper stops
His Care with ours, behind our shoulder.

And though we realize what dross
And fleeting things our hearts are set on ;
How much of seeming gain is loss ;
How many truths we dare not bet on ;
Regret the protoplastic germs
That launched us in this higgle piggle,
And feel ourselves but wriggling worms,
Still, being worms,— do let us wriggle.

Who scorns, for aught the world can give,
To stoop to lie, or trick, or juggle ;
Who knows that he has got to live
Though only pain rewards the struggle ;
Who nurses to their fullest growth
The talents to his care committed,
And runs his race, and nothing loath,
Be he who may against him pitted,—

He acts the man, and though the prize
May not reward his long endeavor ;
Though at the goal which lured his eyes
He comes too late, perhaps, or never ;

AD SODALES.

Still day by day by what he does
He forms the fact by which to grade him.
'T was not Sardanapalus, 't was
Leonidas, whose venture paid him.

• • • • •
Perhaps your poet's jester's cap
But ill conceals a care-worn wrinkle ;
The bells he rattles have, mayhap,
Too, too lugubrious a tinkle ;
Fill then each glass, and join with me
In wine for just such uses given,
To whoop her up, with three-times three
And bumpers all for Seventy-Seven !

Our Alma Mater's naughty child,
Whose conscience never seemed to quicken ;
Whom even now she calls her wild-
Est, most disreputable chicken :
Whose conduct with a wish to please
Had seldom much that was in keeping ;
Who sowed, Ah me ! a lively breeze,—
Heaven send no whirlwinds for our reaping,—

But grant that while our heads grow cool,
Our hearts beat still a genial patter ;
That with increased regard for rule,
And pocketbooks grown somewhat fatter,

AD SODALES.

The sluggish mass of things to be
May find in us a sprightly leaven ;
To make it lighter and more free.
I give — the Class of *Seventy-Seven.*





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